

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.
 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
 Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that;
 Whatever you say—Be true.
 Straightforwardly act,
 Be honest—in fact,
 Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Why Tigers Can't Climb.

The tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt, who is the Cat.
 They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Ararat.
 The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger he was slow.
 He couldn't catch the Nighau or the heavy Buffalo;
 His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt,
 He begged his wise Relation to instruct him how to hunt.
 The Cat on velvet paws stole along the quiet hill.
 "Now this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill."
 The Cat drew up her haunches on the mossy forest couch.
 "And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."
 She hurtled through the shadows like a missile from a sling;
 "And that," my loving Nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump.
 The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump;
 He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,
 Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree.
 To purr upon the Snarler from the bough on which she sat.
 "How glad I am, my Nephew, that I didn't teach you that!"
 And, since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime
 No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

I am going to tell you Wide Awakes something about balloons and their uses. Because airplanes have come into use balloons have not wholly gone out of use, and are not likely to.
 Perhaps you do not know balloons are used to sound the air just as lead weights are used to sound the depths of the sea.
 The earth is enclosed in an atmosphere and outside of that nothing earthly can pass. The sea is its deepest part in 5 1-2 miles deep, but no one knows exactly the height of the atmosphere.

By the use of balloons it has been learned that the atmosphere is more than four times the depth of the deepest part of the ocean.

It is not such a great while ago that a sounding balloon was sent up in Italy, and it did not collapse until it was 23 miles above the earth; the greatest height reached by such a balloon in this country was a little less than 19 miles.

Attached to these sounding balloons is a little machine called a meteorograph which registers and records the altitude, the temperature, the humidity and the velocity of the wind, and this is how they learn that as you go up in the air toward the sun it grows colder, and at six miles it is as cold as the polar regions, 30 or 40 degrees below zero. The lowest temperature during the highest flight was over 70 degrees below zero at 12-12 miles high. It is the friction of the rays of the sun striking the earth which heats up the atmosphere close to the ground and makes the earth productive.

Men have been up five miles in balloons, but two miles is the highest point yet reached in airships, although by aid of inventions it is expected man will be up to 50 miles higher in these airships than they have ever been able to go in balloons.

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LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

George Farrell of Norwich: I wish to thank you for the prize book you gave me. I have read it and it was very interesting.

Ether Page of Mansfield Center: I thank you very much for the book. I enjoy reading it.

Veronica Rocheleau of North Franklin: I thank you very much for the prize book I received. I have started it and found it very interesting.

Jessie L. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.: Thank you very much for the prize book you sent me entitled Uncle Sam's Boys as Sergeants, by Hancock. I have read it and found it very interesting.

Agnes Aberg of Taftville: Thank you very much for the prize book you sent me.

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

1.—William Cushman of Stonington, In Camp on the Big Sunflower.

2.—Hattie M. King of Lebanon, The Submarine Boys' Trial Trip.

3.—Robert Ruchner of South Windham, Captain Kidd's Gold.

4.—Winifred Holton of North Franklin, A Girl from America.

5.—Vivian M. Stone of Hampton, A World of Girls.

6.—Helen Malone of New London, A Sweet Girl Graduate.

7.—Andrew Bellefleur of Taftville, In Camp on the Big Sunflower.

8.—Catherine Desmond of Norwich, Polly, A New Fashioned Girl.

Winners of books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Boys' Club of Lakewood.
 Winter was nearly over and the boys who formed the Boys' club in Lakewood were busy enough. This was their first summer, and all were anxious to have a good summer of it.

A social had been given in the winter and enough had been taken in to buy the camp fixtures and two large wall tents.

About two miles up the river there was a small island. This was selected for the camp, and a good spot it was.

On the 10th of June the boys put their tents up and got the camp ready; after cutting all the things up the river in boats. That night they slept in the tents, and next day the camp was fixed up in fine shape. There was good fishing near by; the boys all liked to swim and the camp was near a fine swimming hole.

Bats and balls there were in plenty, and a ball team was formed from the best material. The boys had swimming contests, and many trips around the island in boats were made.

Several of the boys got up an expedition to go to Black Rock island and early one morning started out. They rowed to the island and then ate a lunch they had taken along; after eating they went up the large hill when they reached its summit they could see plainly their little camp. Just as they were about to go down one of the smaller boys exclaimed:

"What's in our camp down there?"

This made the other boys look up; they could see what looked like a large bear in the camp.

All the boys ran down the hill at breakneck speed. The boats were soon shoved off and rowed as speedily as possible to the camp. They found the food had been disturbed a little and the water bucket was entirely empty. After a careful search they found the rum-mager—a large Newfoundland dog! They decided to keep him in camp as a mascot.

On the Fourth of July they went to Lakewood, where their ball team was to play Riverhead's best boys' ball team.

The Boys' club came off victorious and returned to camp highly elated. All were browned and healthy and when the season was over were determined to have the camp the next summer.

WILLIAM CUSHMAN.

Stonington.

A Bear Story.

Tom Smith and Frank Peabody planned to go camping for a day. They got their lunch ready and started. They put their lunch in the hollow of a tree, instead of carrying it around, while they explored the woods.

At length they said it was dinner time. But you ask:

"How did they know it was dinner time if they didn't have a watch?"

This is their answer: "We can tell time by the sun."

But I think their stomachs told them, don't you?

They started back to the tree where they left their lunch. When they got there, but a bear was there. They were both much frightened, and at last when they could speak, Tommy said:

"Come, let us go to the hunter's home which we saw yesterday."

Luck was with them. They found the place and the old hunter was there, too. He gave them something to eat. Afterwards they showed him the bear, which had fallen asleep beneath the tree, and he shot it.

When the lads reached home all their playfellows wanted to hear their adventure in the woods, so they were told this story.

If Tom and Frank wanted to gratify their listeners they would have to tell it to them more than ten times; they found much amusement in the story.

JOSEPH T. GILMARTIN.

Stonington.

My History Hero.

My favorite history hero is Lincoln. Although not a hero in battle, for he was a hero in none, yet he was a hero in his own way.

Of course, no one has the same opinion as another, so one might say Washington, another Napoleon, and someone else would have said another person in mind who to them was the greatest hero of all.

Washington was a great man, greater than Lincoln in some respects. He carried on a great war and came out victorious. He then started a nation too that ended in prosperity.

Lincoln came in as president long after this to straighten out a tangle in the nation Washington had started. He did his work well and in the end the two sections were united as before the war commenced.

But that doesn't tell why I admire Lincoln more than anyone else. He began poor and went higher in the end than anyone else in the United States, at least. He lived more than twice as long as most men.

Washington in his queer clothes and wig is like nothing we see nowadays. I don't doubt someone else could write of Washington and find as many reasons for liking him more than Lincoln as I have in just the opposite.

HATTIE M. KING, Age 14.
 Lebanon.

The Painted Top.

Tops are generally very common indeed on the sandy parts of the shore. You cannot possibly mistake their shells for those of any other creatures, for they are cone-shaped, looking very much like rather large sugar loaves and are generally very beautifully colored. So pretty are they, indeed, that they are sometimes strung together and worn as necklaces, or used for ornamenting ladies' dresses.

The painted top is one of the most beautiful of all these shells, for it is covered all over with spots and streaks and blotches of scarlet, and crimson, and pink, and purple, and white, and blue, and yellow. But all this lovely coloring is only on the outer coat of the shell, which is very easily clipped off. The consequence is that these shells are very often damaged by being tossed to and fro by the waves and though you may often find twenty or thirty in the course of a morning, not more than two or three, perhaps, will be quite uninjured.

Tops are very useful creatures to have alive in an aquarium, for they keep the glass sides clean from the tiny green weeds which so quickly grow upon them. They do this by means of their tooth ribbons, and you may see them crawling about on the glass walls and mowing down the weeds, just as a gardener cuts the grass on the lawn with his scythe.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT, Age 17.
 East Norwich, New York.

A Kind Act.

During the vacation we were at my cousin's home in the state of Rhode Island, and one hot Sunday afternoon we all went out for a walk in the pleasant pasture as we were walking along we noticed quite a number of cattle, so we went over to see them. There were in all thirty, and we looked for a drink of water, but in walking over to the spring we found the little stream where they always came to drink was dried up and how could the cattle live without any water.

While we were talking about it my little cousin Mabel, left us without telling us where she was going and we

did not stay to look for her, as we thought she had gone home.

Mabel had run to the nearest farm house, a half mile off, and had told the people that the cows we had seen were in the woods.

So they telephoned to the owner of the cows, and told him about it. Then the farmer came and drove the cows into the nearby pasture where the cows got water.

Mabel came home two hours later and told us what she had done, and said she could not see the cows suffer for the want of water.

ROBERT KIRCHNER, Age 13.
 South Windham.

The Gaper.

This is a shellfish which lives in burrows in the sandy mud. It is called the "gaper" because the shells are always open at the top, just as if the animal were yawning, or gaping.

Through this opening the siphon tubes are used in breathing, just like those of the cuttle, and are enclosed in a kind of leathery case, which the animal can stretch out or draw back at will, so that when it is lying at the mouth of its burrow it can keep the tips of the siphon tubes just above the surface of the mud, and so draw water down to its gills quite easily.

On some parts of the coast capers are used as food. Some fishermen call them "old maids." Some of the sea-birds are very fond of them.

In the far north millions and millions of them are devoured by walrus, and also by Arctic foxes, which prowled about the shore in search of them every day when the tide goes down.

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 15.
 East Norwich, N. Y.

The Tramp's Reform.

One day a tramp who was being pursued by detectives entered the region of the Rocky mountains. Climbing a tree nearby where he could get a view of his surroundings, he caught sight of a cabin.

Quickly descending the tree, he walked rapidly till within twenty-five yards of the cabin, then he proceeded cautiously.

The occupant proved to be an old hunter, sitting in the corner skinning rabbits. The tramp walked in boldly and explained his situation. The hunter's sympathies were aroused and he decided to help him. From a trunk in the corner the hunter took some clothes and a few pieces of gold, saying:

"Take these. I will get you a horse on which you can travel more easily."

Two years later the tramp was leading a prosperous life in Nevada, due to the kindness of the old hunter.

ANDREW BELLEFLEUR, Age 12.
 Norwich.

A Kind Act and Its Results.

One day a man who called himself "Indigo Pete" was going to rob a man. This man had lots of money, Pete thought, so he jumped on the man, but the man hit him and knocked him into the gutter.

When Pete got out of the gutter the man said to him: "Why did you jump on me?"

Pete replied: "To get some money, because I'm hungry."

The man said: "Come with me and I'll give you something to eat."

The man took him to a restaurant and gave him some food.

He said to Pete: "What is your name?"

"My name is 'Indigo Pete,'" he said.

After Pete had eaten all he wanted he said to the man: "Is there anything I can do for you, Mister, for all

this food you have given me?"

"Yes, Pete," said the man, "be an honest man."

Pete went to the door, opened it and looked up at the sky. Soon he closed the door and returned to the table.

"Yes, Mister," he said, "I will be an honest man."

"All right," said the man. "I will make you \$50 and a position in my office."

"Thank you," said Pete. "Seeing that I have work now, I will be an honest man."

He spoke the truth. He was honest until his death, five years later.

GEORGE FARRELL, Age 13.
 Norwich.

What the Rats Did.

Many years ago, at an exposition in France, the farmers of Switzerland exhibited a large Swiss cheese. It took the milk of hundreds of cows to make it, and it was so heavy that it required a large truck drawn by sixteen horses to carry it. The farmers had directed that when the exhibition was over, the cheese was to be distributed among the poor of Paris.

The men were getting it up when a great crash was heard. What could have happened? The cheese was broken and was lying on the ground.

While the exposition was going on the rats had eaten the inside of it and only the shell remained.

CATHERINE G. DESMOND, Age 12.
 Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Lillian's Scrap Book.

Dear Uncle Jed: Do you know what I do with the stories, letters and letters of acknowledgment of mine that are printed in The Bulletin?

Well, I will tell you. On the second page in the front of each book I first paste the printed piece of paper with the name of the prize book; then I paste the story I wrote, for which I won the book. Then, next I paste the letter of acknowledgment at the bottom of the page. By doing this I know what story or letter I wrote when I won each book.

LILLIAN BREHAUT, N. Y.

How a Silo is Filled.

Dear Uncle Jed: Have you ever seen a silo filled? We have a silo that will hold a hundred tons of corn.

In the fall a lot of men come to cut the corn; then they bring their threaps and haul it up to the silo. Then the man who is going to fill the silo starts up his engine and begins to cut the corn. The corn is cut up in little pieces and is blown into the silo through a long pipe.

All this makes a lot of noise. Inside a man is scattering the corn around and tramping it down. It comes rattling down on his head.

WINIFRED HOLTON, Age 10.
 North Franklin.

A Floating Island.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to tell you about a "floating island" as I think the little Wide-Awakes would find it very interesting.

One of the most remarkable and picturesque bodies of water in the world is Henry's lake in Idaho. It is situated in a depression in the Rocky Mountains called "Cargue's Pass." It has an area of forty square miles, and all about it rise the snow-capped Rockies.

In the lake is a floating island, 30 feet in diameter at the base, 1.6 feet in diameter. Its base is a mass of dense so dense that it supports large trees and a heavy growth of underbrush. These pools are covered with

several feet of rich soil, and there are places where houses could be built. The wind blows this island about the lake, and it seldom remains in the same place 24 hours.

EILEEN MALONE, Age 14.
 New London.

How Ada Earns Money.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thank you for my prize book very much, and now I want to tell you how I spend my vacation.

We go down the river and picnic in the park, and sometimes go berrying. I help mamma very much. I wash dishes, sweep, dust and make my dollies' clothes, and sometimes I make cake.

Mamma gives me three merits for the dishes and two for sweeping rooms, and when I get ten she gives me a dime. I have earned quite a number of dimes, and now I am going to save my money.

ADA RINGLAND, Age 10.
 Norwich Town.

Vivian Kept House.

Dear Uncle Jed: As I have not written for a long time, I will write and tell you what I have done this vacation.

I have picked quite a few berries. I sold about a dollar's worth. The rest I picked for my mother.

My mother and sister went away and left me to keep house for my father and cousin. There were three men here to dinner one day. A man came and stayed all night. So you see I had quite a lot extra. When mamma came home she said I had gotten along fine.

I have to go to school next week.

VIVIAN M. STONE.
 Hampton.

Her Visit to the Seaside.

Dear Uncle Jed: I'm going to write a story and tell you about my summer vacation. I went down to Ocean Beach with my Sunday school. I had a nice time down there. I rode in a big boat going down. I carried my dinner and sat down in the sand and ate it. I would go in bathing and then I would come out and cover myself up in sand. Then we came home on the boat and cars from Norwich, tired, but very happy.

LOUISE KENNEDY.
 Moosup.

Picnics at the Pond.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you and the Wide-Awakes how I spent my vacation.

There is a pond near by, and we have different houses, and at last I got my older cousin goes to swimming until noon. Then we have our dinner in the shade and have nice things to eat. After dinner we play games until it is time to go in the water again. We stay in the water until 3 o'clock and then come home, wishing we could have another picnic the next day.

LORENCE MADLEY, Age 12.
 Lebanon, Conn.

His Air Rifle.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my air rifle. I am nearly 9 years old and live on a farm.

Last spring I read how I could get an air rifle by getting a club of subscribers for a paper. I went around to different houses, and at last I got twelve subscribers. I sent the money to Chicago, and after waiting quite a while I received my gun.

I am very much pleased with it, and shoot with it nearly every day.

Sometimes I put up a target on a

stone wall and my father and uncle take turns shooting with me. We have lots of fun.

This is my first letter to the Wide-Awake Circle, and if I see it in print perhaps I will write again.

Your new nephew,
 LAWRENCE COLLINS.
 Mystic, Conn.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It relieves painful, smarting, itchy, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25 cents. Don't accept any substitutes. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Ormsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Minister Presides This Laxative.

Rev. H. Starnvoil of Allison, Ia., in praising Dr. King's New Life Pills for constipation, writes:—"Dr. King's New Life Pills are such perfect pills no home should be without them." No better regulator for the liver and bowels. Every pill guaranteed. Try them. Price 25c at The Lee and Osgood Co.

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